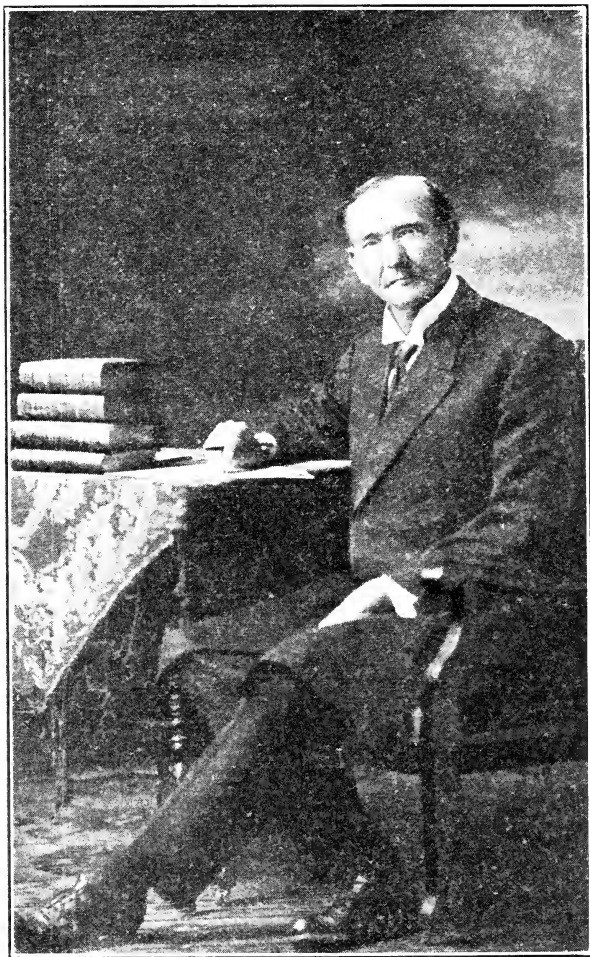


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**TWENTY-FIVE
POEMS**

KIRKLAND



ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

A BOOK OF RECENT POEMS

BY

ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND

Author of

"A Condensed History of the Church of God"

and

"The Apostolic Hymns"

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1915

TO MY
BELOVED WIFE
AND
CHILDREN
IS THIS
BOOK
AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED.

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1915

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PREFACE.

My motive in bringing out this little book of poems is to correct, if possible, some society evils, many of which are of such a nature that it seems there is no other way of reaching them with any remedy. I have some hope that pungent criticism in a general way, put in pleasing verse, may reach to some extent this greatly desired end.

The way I came to write poetry is to me marvelous. I have all my life been a great admirer of poetry, but never had any tact for writing it until June 13, when I had the sad misfortune (or fortune) to get my buggy turned over and to get badly hurt. Since then my soul has been almost continually full of poetry. Several of these poems were written while on my bed, when I was not able to turn in bed from the wounds. I feel that my Heavenly Father has made this painful incident a blessing to me rather than a misfortune.

I now send this little volume on its mission, and pray God to bless it on its course.

THE AUTHOR.

INDEX.

| | |
|--|----|
| A "Rounder " Around | 13 |
| A Tribute to the Character of Prof. R. K. Morgan.. | 39 |
| A Cheap Boy | 25 |
| A Crown of Thorns | 54 |
| An Invitation a Gentleman Can Accept..... | 19 |
| Chewing Wax in Church..... | 45 |
| Do Not Interrupt the Speaker..... | 32 |
| Do What You Say..... | 30 |
| God's Special Providence in Misfortune..... | 7 |
| How to Pour Cold Water..... | 22 |
| " It is I " | 58 |
| Just Like Some Folks | 18 |
| Need of Sincerity | 46 |
| Sweet Memories of Mother..... | 48 |
| Sinners in the Church | 10 |
| The Ball-game Extravagance | 35 |
| The Influence of Womanhood | 41 |
| The Good Shepherd | 57 |
| The Sinner's Only Friend | 56 |
| The Hypocrite | 52 |
| The Fountain for Sin and Uncleanness..... | 51 |
| The Extreme Folly of the Cigarette Fiend..... | 60 |
| Why Kill Poor Old Jay? | 28 |
| Why Not Be Consistent? | 26 |
| What's the Matter with the Third Verse? | 59 |

A BOOK OF RECENT POEMS

GOD'S SPECIAL PROVIDENCE IN MISFORTUNE.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

I have a story in my heart,
To all I wish to tell—
How God's rich providence intervenes
And overrules so well.

God moves in a mysterious way
To make his purpose known;
He carries out his deep designs
In saving of his own:

He rules over those who love the Lord,
No matter what's behest;
He guides them through every day,
And rules all things for the best.

Sometimes to make them think,
When they have not sought the Lord,
He leaves them to tread a pathway
That proves a little hard.

I was out on my mission,
As the Savior said, "Go preach,"
And gather in the house of God
All that you can reach.

To Petersburg I had gone
To nourish that little branch,
That they more fruit might bear
And have a better chance.

The church at Petersburg are
As good and kind and sweet
As any people anywhere
It has been my lot to meet.

But when it comes to church work,
They are slow to get about ;
And if you don't keep exhorting them,
They will just leave that all out.

It was from my mission over there
I was returning, rather late,
When the tragedy occurred
That I wish to here relate.

On a high grade of the pike,
And the road not so very wide,
We met an auto car
That did not well divide.

So we were crowded off
Upon that dangerous steep,
And the buggy turned and threw us down
In a very fearful heap.

We—horse, buggy, and all—were thrown,
There is no telling where ;
But it is very clear to me
That my blessed Lord was there.

I was tangled in the wreck
With my beloved wife ;
But the horse stood still and did not move,
And marvelously saved our life.

While I was fractured in my hip,
The Lord, who only could,
Came with his loving touch
And overruled it for my good.

He filled my soul with rapturous awe ;
His glory o'er me shone.
With much assurance he sweetly said :
“ You are my very own.”

He blessed me with great medical aid
In a way we never could have thought ;
It was almost miraculous
How a cure was finally wrought.

So he is making me well again,
With no blemish left behind ;
And in it all he assures me
That he is forever mine.

My dear companion was not hurt,
But was preserved, you see,
To do what none but she could do
In ministering unto me.

While I lay limp and wounded,
Yet we were in our Father's track ;
He sent the good Higgins Brothers with
their car,
And safely brought us back.

And now, since it is all over,
And I see it was by God arranged,
I would not if I could
Have any of it changed.

SINNERS IN THE CHURCH.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

We cannot reconcile ourselves,
No matter how hard we try,
To a twenty-four inch snow
In the middle of July.

And it will disgust you,
If you will just remember,
To see a man planting his corn
In the month of December.

It is shocking indeed,
Right before your face,
To see anything at all
So badly out of place.

But you can find nothing,
No matter how much you search,
That's half so disgusting
As a sinner in the church.

It's like a green gourd with melons,
Right on top of the heap,
Or a billy goat in the midst
Of a pretty flock of sheep.

They will always have the lead,
And make a great display,
And get off a mighty "stunt"
On every celebrated day.

Like a turtle always gets upon
The very biggest log,
They seek the chiefest seat
In the synagogue.

And when they get out
Into the world again,
They take the highest seat
In the gog of sin.

In the church they take the front,
And then wish to get up higher ;
And if there's any chance at all,
They will climb up in the choir.

Although they cannot sing
Any more than a frog,
They will sit up there and look
As saucy as a hog.

They are always ready
To get up some wicked trick ;
So they bring along a deck of cards
To the Sunday-school picnic

To corrupt the morals
Of the thoughtless, tender youth,
And stifle the very breath
Of God's blessed gospel truth.

To the midweek prayer meeting
They really never go,
But you will always find them
Around the picture show.

In real church work
They are entirely lame,
But at the card party
They always get the game.

On the Sunday-school lesson
They are exceedingly unwise,
But at the society club
They generally win the prize.

In things that are licentious
They every one "stand pat"
And say with great surprise:
"O, I see no harm in that!"

They will reprove the pious,
And accuse them of superstitions,
And say with a merry glee:
"Man should adapt himself to all conditions."

They are anxious always to lead;
And yet if they are followed,
The church of God will very soon
By sin and shame be swallowed.

They say they see no harm
In a little social dance;
And if there is an opportunity,
They always take a chance.

They can see no wrong at all,
For they have not been born again.
Like all lost sinners in the world,
They are blind and dead in sin.

It is a most deplorable state
In which for any one to be;
And as long as this sad state remains,
From church they should be free.

Sinners are out of place in church;
It keeps them in a hem.
They will corrupt the church,
And the church will weary them.

A "ROUNDER" AROUND.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

Strange things occur and marvelous feats
are won,
And new things are happening under the sun.
The people grew restless throughout our
town,
And longed and looked for something
strange to come round.

They seemed to have their tasks all through,
And had no work at all to do;
Then a "rounder" came round
And said: "I'm glad to find such a quiet
town."

He laid his plans like some old Turk,
And said: "I'll put these men to work."
He looked in people's hands and turned the
cup,
And business began at once to pick up.

He said, "I'm a wonder in the world;"
And the people's brains began to whirl.
"I have a clarion voice, smooth and calm,
And can read the history in the palm."

The people came round with wondering eyes,
Looking on with great surprise.
Some said: "Where might your home be
found?"
"Ah, I've just come from wandering round
and round."

He called on an official or two,
Who didn't have quite enough work to do,
And said: "I'll show you in a nice, smooth
plot
How to double all the wealth you've got."

"Good as wheat!" the official cried,
And laughed and chuckled and longed and
sighed.
He put his money in a box replete,
With papers and other things complete.

But when he opened the box, with surprise
he breathed
To find nothing in the box but leaves.

It's true the fortune was soon made with a
vim,
But it turned to the "rounder" instead of
him.

A simple farmer came to town,
And saw this "rounder" walking round,
And heard him tell with a silver peal
How he could teach the folks to steal,

And no one could ever know
What made his fortune so rapidly grow;
But he could demand his soul's desire,
And obtain it like a man his hire.

So the poor old dupe gave his money up
To be placed in the "rounder's" cup,
And thought it would there retreat
Till his education was complete.

But he thought, to insure that all was right,
He'd take another peep at the box that night.
When he looked in it, to his sad surprise,
The old thief had stolen his money right be-
fore his eyes.

When these great feats were won
And the "rounder's" greatest task was done,
He said: "I guess it's time to make my
flight."
So he left the town under the cover of night.

What he had come to do was done—
His great fortune was soon and easy won.
He thought not wise to stay here further,
After stealing \$1,500 from one man and
\$1,800 from another.

One thing I really hate to tell,
Because it does not sound so very well:
An officer was wired to take the thief,
To give the public some relief.

The thief was captured right away,
Brought back and put in jail without delay;
And it was said, so I have heard,
Some sought a conference with the "bird."

And it was agreed by one who lost a lot
If the thief would give it back he'd conceal
the plot;
And the thief accepted the terms that night
Of him who valued money more than right.

When the trial came on, not a thing was
heard
From the man who had pledged to the thief
his word
If he would lay his money down,
When his trial came up, he'd leave the town.

The trial was only a romance,
And justice really had no chance.
In the testimony there was a lack,
For at the most important points the wheels
went back.

Justice groaned and bled at every pore,
And the hope for right was entirely o'er,
And fraud and theft were let go free
To curse our fair land of liberty.

The court was filled every whit,
And many seemed to have lost their wit.
They waved and cheered with a silly grin
When the thief told of his cunning sin.

Some men whose names I will not call,
For it could do no good at all,
From whom we should expect a sight,
Behaved themselves in rather bad light.

Surprising to say, some women, too,
Who had gotten out of anything to do,
Ganged around that grand old "toot,"
And, when he left, gave the Chautauqua sa-
lute.

I am sure the fools have been let go
Until their number none can know;
But if the fool killer should come around,
I'm sure he'd greatly thin out our town.

JUST LIKE SOME FOLKS.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

There was a man of professed renown
That stopped a while in a splendid town,
Who defrauded the public before he left
Out of thirty-three hundred dollars by actual
theft.

When he was captured, like a thief,
He played cunning tricks for his relief.
To the public mind he picked a flaw,
And came clear in spite of right or law.

There is an editor of whom you may have
heard
In the town where these dirty things occurred,
Refused to give a publication
Of a poem that declared their condemnation.

This kind editor, so pure and sound,
Looking after the welfare of the town,
Has such sympathy for all there about
That he doesn't want any of their sins to be
found out.

It seems he'd rather that public morals were
driven to a fiber
Than to run the risk of losing a single sub-
scriber.
Dollars and cents seem to be his law of right,
And to public good he loses sight.

What a pity that a man in public position
Cares nothing at all for the moral condition !
But slides around like an adder,
And is afraid of his very shadow.

How sad that some folks pose as a saint,
And pretend to be what they ain't !
Under the robes of the pious they hover,
And use Christianity just for a cover.

If I occupied a place that stands for public
good,
I would be a man if I could ;
But if I couldn't be bigger than a mole
Or a little mouse, I'd crawl in a hole.

AN INVITATION A GENTLEMAN CAN ACCEPT.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

Friendship is a sacred tie
That should be held in great regard.
It never should be slighted
Or ever treated hard.

Friendship is stronger than death,
Or even our very lives ;
But, like a tender plant,
When injured, it nevermore revives.

An invitation, then,
Must always love reflect,
And be filled with hospitality
And genuine respect.

An invitation to your home
Is a privilege sublime ;
And when you extend it,
You should take time

To let your friend know
That he is not left out,
Nor act in such a way
As to fill his mind with doubt.

Some will say when they should invite you :
“ I would like so very fine
To have you at our house.
Can't you come some time ? ”

Others will stand around and say :
“ Whenever it may be
That you can do no better,
You may go along with me.”

With such as this you will find
That the time will never come
When it is just the proper time
To visit in their home.

When your friends are around you,
Don't stand around and pout,
And poke off home by yourself,
And leave them hanging out.

Some say: "I would invite you home with
me,

But I have nothing fit for you.
It is just what we live on every day,
But that would never do."

These are really no invitations;
They are only meant to let you know
That they do not want your company,
And it would be amiss to go.

I have such a keen sense of intrusion,
And the proper time to call,
If there is any doubt as to convenience,
I cannot go at all.

Everybody in the world
Will some time need a friend;
Then they should always be ready
Their kindness to extend,

And not wait around for others
To do the neighbors' part,
But speak right out in no uncertain tone,
And invite with all your heart.

Nothing at all is sadder
When you are out from home
Than for all to dally round
And leave you all alone.

And nothing sounds better,
No matter where it may be,
Than for big-hearted friends to come around
And say: "Go home with me."

Then when you have opportunity,
Don't look round north and south,
Like a "green" boy at a wedding,
With your finger in your mouth.

If you want to be a man,
And your part in life to do,
When you see folks out from home,
Treat them as you'd wish them to treat
you.

HOW TO POUR COLD WATER.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

When you meet your friend,
Before anything else can be told,
Be sure and tell him at once
He is looking awfully old.

If this does not get him down,
Make haste and be quick
To tell him he's looking awfully bad—
"You must have been sick."

Some have had good success
By saying about the first word that's
spoken:
"My, how old you look!
It's awful how you've broken."

If your friend is looking cheerful,
When you meet him, you must never
Fail to say at once: "Well,
You are just as ugly as ever."

This will take him down,
And give his heart a swell,
And in the meanwhile
Keep him from feeling quite so well.

When you go to church,
And the preacher his courage seems to
keep,
Be sure to tell him when service is out
That you went fast asleep.

And be sure and tell him,
If you're resolved not to go wrong,
That the sermon did not interest you,
And it was awfully long.

If you see any one looking bad,
This you must be sure to tell;
It will make him feel uneasy,
And keep him from getting well.

If you meet a man of uncommon height,
And you don't want him to feel good at all,
Tell him that he is a perfect sight,
Because he's so awfully tall.

If you meet a lady of overweight,
And you want to plague her and don't
know how,
Tell her that she is badly out of shape,
And bigger than a cow.

If you see either man or woman
Who is not bigger than a minute,
Say: "You are the least thing I ever saw.
I declare, you are hardly in it!"

Never mention one's good qualities
If you know them so very well,
But mention all you know
Who do their worth excel.

Keep every one's defects before them,
Lest by any means they should
Be at all happy,
Or get to feeling good.

When you ask a man his age,
And he says, "I'll be fifty when my birth-
day shall arrive,"
Say: "Are you not older than that?
You look like you are seventy-five."

If he should say, "I am just forty-five,"
Say: "Is that all the old you be?
Why, I am sixty-five,
And you look twice as old as me."

This will persuade him that he is fading,
And fill his mind with doubt,
And make him feel weak and sad,
Just like he was playing out.

It takes a man to elevate the world,
And inspire both son and daughter;
But any fool at all can make a hand
In pouring the cold water.

O, what a pity that all in the world
Do not always keep sweet,
And lend a helping hand
To every one they meet!

This would make all happy,
And time would not seem so long;
It would cheer up both young and old,
And fill the world with song.

A CHEAP BOY.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

Some boys are stylish,
And some boys are "green;"
Some boys are sulky,
And some boys are mean.

Some boys are "pokey,"
And hardly able to creep;
Some boys are stingy,
And some boys are cheap.

Some boys are trifling,
And do nothing but whittle;
Some boys are lazy,
And some boys are little.

Some boys are without money,
And their pocketbooks are flabby;
Some boys have plenty of money,
And yet they are shabby.

Some boys play the part of men,
And yet they need a teacher;
For they go out and get married,
And fail to pay the preacher.

Some boys get married
When they are not so very large.
They will call out the preacher,
And say: "Parson, what do you charge?"

But the least boy I ever saw
Upon this earthly ball
Is one who asks a preacher to marry him,
And gives him nothing at all.

A boy no bigger than this
Should not move the wedding throttle;
He should be kept at home,
And put on a bottle.

WHY NOT BE CONSISTENT?

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

How sad the occasion,
And how solemn the hour
When our loved ones are called away
In spite of all earthly power!

How spirits are grieved,
And fond hearts are broken,
Which can never be mended
By any word ever spoken!

There is no time at all
That people need more
Those to visit them
Who such sorrows once bore.

All should drop business
And come at their need,
Speak words of sweet comfort,
To their lamentations give heed.

When a minister is called,
He should heed the demand,
And console the heartbroken
The best that he can.

He should always be ready,
And never fail to go
To comfort the hearts of those
In such sorrow and woe.

For there is no time at all
While we dwell below the sky
That we need the preacher more
Than when our loved ones die.

While the minister should go at once,
And make no delay,
And never think once
Of receiving any pay,

Yet those who call him
And receive his noble help
Should never forget his expenses
And let him pay them himself.

They always remember the undertaker,
And the man that made the grave ;
But oft the poor preacher
Is treated as a slave.

Often he hires conveyance
To go hold services over the dead,
And it costs him both time and money ;
But nothing about it is said.

They pay extravagant prices for casket,
And also for shroud.
I think they'd divide with the preacher
If they were not so very proud.

WHY KILL THE POOR OLD JAY?

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

I have a question in my mind
That has never been made plain ;
And if any one can understand,
I wish they would explain.

If any are versed in common things,
I surely want them to say
Why instruct boys to spare every other bird
And kill the poor old jay.

The jay sings the best he can
The song given him by our God ;
And though his voice is very harsh,
He keeps time with his emphatic nod.

God made the jay just the same
As every other bird,
And made his plumes and gave his voice
Without asking him a word.

Was not the jay taught to weave his nest
By Him who teaches all the feathered
throng?
Then don't you think to spoil his home and kill
his young
Is just as very wrong?

Has not the jay as much right on earth,
Is he not as much entitled to his life,
As any other bird that God has made,
Without all this war and strife?

It's true he chatters and chirps and squalls
Over his young and nest;
But hasn't he the same right to live according
to his nature
As any of the rest?

If in the final end
The God who made the jay
Should ask why you've not treated him as
other birds,
I want to know then what could you say?

DO WHAT YOU SAY.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

How much disappointment we often meet,
And how much sad delay,
Because so many people in the world
Will not do what they say!

They are good to promise anything,
But always forget their word;
And you will expect and wait for what they
say,
But that's the last that's heard.

Such folks so often knock you out,
And make you lose much worth,
Because what they promise and what they say
Is worth nothing on the earth.

O, that men would tell the truth,
And stand up to their word,
So you could depend on what they say,
And all from them that's heard!

Especially if you are a Christian;
You ought to tell the truth,
And establish your veracity
Up to old age from your youth.

What will folks think of your religion
If they cannot depend upon your word,
Or believe anything at all
That they of you have heard?

You may think to break your word
Doesn't amount to very much;
But it would surprise you, if you knew
What discount the truthful put on such.

You may think when you disregard your word
It is only a slight deny,
But by folks who regard the truth
It's considered just a lie.

When you say you will do a thing,
Let that be small or great,
And folks hear what you say,
And upon your promise wait,

And you go on some other way,
And leave your friend in doubt,
It won't take very much of such as this
Till they will count you out.

Of all men on the earth,
Preachers need the most
To do just what they say they will,
And stand right by their post.

A preacher who treats his word
As a jest or idle nod
Will soon lose his hold on folks,
And disgrace the cause of God.

Nothing on earth is worth so much
To the aged or the youth
As for every one to say
All you say is truth.

It is worth more to you
Than all the wealth or gold
For every one to say they believe
All that you have told.

All should hold their word sacred,
And neither near nor far
Allow it to be discounted
Or stand below par.

DO NOT INTERRUPT THE SPEAKER.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

Some folks invite you to their homes,
And treat you very kind ;
But you will find out before you leave,
Their children are not refined.

Some parents never use the rod ;
Somehow it's never handy.
They have no way to make children mind
But by feeding them on candy.

This treatment is never satisfactory,
And then it's an awful waste ;
And you will find out by and by
That candy will lose its taste.

You may be talking on a theme
Of a subject most profound,
During which it would be amiss to move
Or make the slightest sound ;

And when you are at the most important point
Of that subject most supreme,
A great big child six years old
Will jump up and begin to scream.

He seems so much excited
Over a matter absolutely out of taste
That he stampedes the whole assembly
And confuses all the place.

When the parents ought to say :
" Be quiet and respect the man of age."
But they give heed to the youngster's intrusion,
As if he were a sage.

One boy will dance across the floor,
While another keeps his head a-bobbing ;
A third will jump up in your face and say :
" Who killed Cock Robin ? "

Thus you find your discourse is treated
With very great neglect,
And yourself, no matter how refined,
With utter disrespect.

Sometimes you find a little tot
Who has been spared the correcting rod
Until he takes the lead of all the place,
And runs right over the man of God.

Sometimes you see more mature folks
Who act with such intrusion
As to destroy your conversation
By raising a great confusion.

It is impolite to make a fuss
Or speak while one is talking,
Or manifest a restlessness,
Or attract attention by rudely walking.

Oft the children are so very rude
As on a prudent heart to grate.
They run and scream at the time of prayer,
And the worship desecrate.

Their parents cannot keep them still.
When they try it, they so fuss and tear
That, in spite of all that can be done,
They disturb the family prayer.

What do parents mean
By raising a real hyena,
Or allowing to grow up in their home
An animal entirely meaner?

No one can control
Or quiet the little laddy;
And if he undertakes it,
He will even fight his daddy.

He is worse than a heathen
Of the tribe the very darkest;
And while he is not yet six years old,
He is a real anarchist.

What are folks raising their children for,
Undisciplined and without prayer?
It is very evident, without a great change,
Many will fill the electric chair.

Seems parents have forgotten how to raise a
boy,
Or what to do with him;
But I wish to say, when nothing else will do,
He needs a hickory limb.

This would cool him down,
And move in home's defense,
And teach this young anarchist
To have a little sense.

Such would stop his fuss,
And his morals so revise
That the man of God at least
Could get in one word, edgewise.

Lord, have mercy on the world,
Especially our motherhood,
That they may raise their children in the fear
of God,
And teach them to be good.

THE BALL-GAME EXTRAVAGANCE.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

How very passing strange it is,
And absurd, as all can see,
When it reaches public consent,
So many things can be!

So many things before our face
Are practiced to our hurt.
Although it costs much time and means,
It is as worthless as the dirt.

Perhaps among these useless things,
The most absurd of all
Is the extreme limit our schools have gone
In that of playing ball.

A game of ball played every week,
And oftener as a rule,
Takes every mind from off the books,
And deranges all the school.

This week they go to Castle Heights,
Next week they come here ;
So there is no time at all to work,
And for their lessons care.

Yet this extravagance has spread
Till it has captured all our schools,
And caused both weak and wise alike
To play the part of fools.

They drop their duties and their work,
And run and whoop and squall ;
They leave the school and church as well
To see the game of ball.

A lot of gamblers follow around
On these poor boys to bet.
They belch out their wicked slang,
Corrupting all the set.

To this reckless craze our schools have given
An elevated tone,
And caused those who would be wise
This foolish fad to own.

Some preachers, too, who are unwise,
But wish to make a show,
Leave their studies and their flocks,
And to the ball game go.

Other preachers whose course in life
Is shaped by empty noise
Put on an ugly baseball suit
And go out to gain the boys.

But when a minister of the Lord
Gives way to such a whim,
Instead of his gaining the boys,
The boys have captured him.

When you hire men to serve the Lord
Anywhere upon the earth,
You will find out when the bill is paid
That it cost more than they are worth.

I have attended services in a church
That displayed upon the wall
Pennants, gloves, mits, and bats—
The whole outfit of baseball.

No sign of life was in that church,
Nor heed to the Master's call;
They had given up all of this
For games and fun and ball.

Such is the love for carnal mirth,
And the pleasures of the world,
You cannot get the folks to think;
For they are always in a whirl.

Whene'er the schools and preachers, too,
Encourage such chaffy stuff,
The sad destruction such will bring
Will surely prove enough.

The public mind is out for fun,
And some light, silly mirth;
This has got such hold on folks
That many care for nothing on the earth.

It is time, I think, to call a halt,
All upon the earth,
Lest our blessed land should sink
In the whirlpool of crazy mirth.

If this craze should still increase,
Counting its present height,
In another decade, I am sure,
We will have the cruel bullfight.

This sporting spirit sure will bring
A spirit of decay,
And destroy our patriotic love,
Our honor sweep away.

This noble freedom, so dearly bought
By our forefathers' blood,
Will be exchanged for thoughtless fun,
And lost in a sporting flood.

Like ancient Greece and Rome's decay,
Which was by sports begun,
Were finally trodden under foot,
By barbarians overrun.

If our beloved land so great
Should follow in their tread,
It will reap the fate of these sad nations
Now numbered with the dead.

When country, church, and patriotic pride
Are traded off for noise,
It blights every ray of hope
Of making great men of our boys.

A TRIBUTE TO THE CHARACTER OF PROF. R. K. MORGAN.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

There is a man of whom I wish to speak—
Not because of any uncommon birth,
Nor royal blood, nor rank, nor wealth,
But simply for his noble worth.

His life is pure and clean and great,
But never tries to gain the least applause,
But labors for the elevation of mankind
And the establishment of righteous laws.

His great soul and towering intellect,
And tact and genius and sterling worth,
Suit him to be a mold of the mental man,
And a common blessing on the earth.

Among his fellows he's the prince,
Because God endowed him with brain and
tongue and lip.

He rules—not by tyranny nor force,
But by his masterful generalship.

His kindness reaches everywhere;
His heart is as big as a mountain,
And runs out to help both rich and poor
Like a continuous flowing fountain.

He stands to help poor fallen boys
From the gutter, ditch, or bog.
While he has never bitten man nor beast,
They call him "the old dog."

No minister seems to be his peer
In that of funeral orations;
Nor statesman, neither near nor far,
In high-toned political relations.

He is a common benefactor of mankind
In the circle where he moves,
Addresses and introduces of great men
Whatever may him behoove.

He picks up any poor, forsaken boy
That may chance to come around.
This is why all who attend his school
Say he is the greatest man in town.

On his government he is strict and firm,
But never plays the part of boss;
But you better believe when he speaks the
word
The boys all come across.

This man who so smoothly moves,
Without any wreck or jargon,
With skill all obstacles surmounts.
His name is R. K. Morgan.

Some wait till a man is dead
Upon his grave to strew their flowers,
But I thought I would just drop around
And place a few during his living hours.

THE INFLUENCE OF WOMANHOOD.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

Our women surely occupy the place
That determines the destiny of our race;
And though this truth may seem quite sad,
Her influence is potent for either good or bad.

She is the inspiring hope of every nation,
The crowning piece in God's creation.
No influence leads in things noble and good
Like pure, sweet, faultless womanhood.

When man is broken down and his fortune
spent,

Oft she is like a guardian angel sent
From God to build him up again,
And lead him away from his destructive sin.

No power upon earth in all the land
That's so productive in the elevation of man
As a sweet Christian woman by his side,
Who assumes the burdens necessary to be his
bride.

But when she loses her poise and falls in dis-
grace,

And begins to put on a demon's face,
Her power for evil is never excelled
By the fiends and demons from the pit of hell.

Since the waters so divide where her bark may
float,

It is timely to sound the warning note,
That she may open her eyes and see where to
go,

Since her sails may be set for either weal or
woe.

To all young women who are pure and sweet,
Before your innocent soul shall chance to meet
Those blighting influences so dark and cold
That destroy the very virtue of the soul,

I beg you to heed the voice of a friend,
Who would guide and lead you to the end.
Take no risk on things that are wrong,
That may intersect your pathway all along.

Never give heed to vanity's call,
And risk your purity with a fancy ball,
Where some wicked hyena, with spotless vest,
Will hug you up to his hypocritical breast.

He poses as a friend, but he has a scheme
That is as vile as the purpose of the blackest
fiend.
If you give yourself to his wicked intention,
He will land you in destruction too sad to
mention.

Don't allow your pure heart to select a style
That may your spotless youth defile,
Nor turn back with those you have passed,
Who are known by the loose to be too fast.

Don't pattern after even those of fame,
Who by imprudence have disgraced the name
And lost that high, sacred respect
Which belongs to your highly honored sex.

Some good women seem to have lost their
sense,
And all that speaks in their defense.
For the sake of fashion they follow those
Who go in company with hardly any clothes.

It seems that they will follow the rest,
If they cut their dresses below their breasts
And go out without any underclothes,
Except their corsets and their hose.

Some are indeed a perfect sight.
Their dresses are so awfully tight,
When they walk out upon the street,
It seems that they are all turned to feet.

Oft the law of beauty is laid aside,
And no attention is paid to decent pride.
Some garments are not proportioned with the
rest,
For their hat is larger than the dress.

How sad for society to be sacrificed and slain
At the shrine of pride and fashion vain!
And to them give all they have and what they
earn,
Without receiving anything in return.

Nothing deserves more tender respect
Than a woman neatly dressed as becometh her
sex—
All well clad in her modest attire,
Who lives to make men better and society
higher.

O, woman, thou monitor with God-given
worth,
You hold the keys to purity and virtue on
earth.
If your foot should slip and from your height
you fall,
Sin and dissipation would cover the world like
a pall.

CHEWING WAX IN CHURCH.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

All deserve when in a crowd
To treat the public right,
And never behave in such a way
As to be considered impolite.

All should be gentle and refined,
Without being considered lax,
And never sit up in church
And disturb others by chewing wax.

It is the duty of all ladies and gentlemen
To be polite without reservation,
And behave themselves while in church
As people of cultivation.

It grates on the feelings of the refined,
Who in good society floats,
To see people sit up in church and chew
Like a flock of billy goats.

To cultivated folks, while they
Would not these rules enforce;
Yet chewing wax in a congregation
To them looks low and coarse.

When you see either man or woman
In the church chewing wax,
You know down in your heart
That he good culture lacks.

It is the wish of all true people
To work for good society's health,
And never prove by indifference
That they are living alone for self.

True life lives for others,
That they may be a help to some,
And drive no one to nervous prostration
By chewing on their gum.

NEED OF SINCERITY.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

Religion is a solemn thing,
As it respects vast eternity ;
And as we enter that endless state,
So our lot will ever be.

When men deal with this grave concern,
They should be so very sincere,
And hold God in reverence most profound
And to his word adhere.

But many who profess to be God's saints
Are trifling with his word,
And many things they do in church
Are just to be seen and heard.

Upon an occasion of great moment,
For God's cause was all at stake,
A meeting convened to consider things
For truth and righteousness' sake,

When one arose, with solemn air,
And earnestly said, with face so grave :
“ We have two members of our church
Who do so ill behave

That they should be brought before the
church.”

But he meant not a word he spoke.
Although it was in the sacred house of God,
It was only a funny joke.

These men had broken the covenant of the
church.

The thing they did that was not right,
They quarreled and disputed each other's
word,
And had a wicked fight.

We surely are in a spiritual dearth.
Religion has lost both joy and tear ;
The family altar has almost gone down,
And men are not sincere.

The house of God is oft filled with mirth,
The pulpit is turned to a stage ;
The church is so much like the world,
No war against sin is waged.

Sacred things are made a joke,
Which God's teachings do condemn.
They disregard the Scriptures,
And give no heed to them.

It is said to all believers
By the words of the inspired Paul
That all jesting and foolish talking
Should never be named at all.

This sublime instruction
To the world, and not the heathens,
Is in the fifth chapter and fourth verse
Of the letter to the Ephesians.

SWEET MEMORIES OF MOTHER.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

There is one to whom all my success
During all my life I owe.
To her I will be indebted forever,
No matter where I go.

She has been my guardian angel
Since I was a little child,
Teaching me great and useful lessons,
And guiding my footsteps all the while.

In the sweet scenes of happy childhood
I really knew no other ;
For none could soothe my sorrows and heal
my wounds
Like she, my darling mother.

She taught me to love the Bible,
And on God's word to depend ;
That he would bless my life
And guide me to the end.

She never for a moment
Spared the correcting rod,
But she seasoned it with sweet admonitions
And the precious word of God.

She was like some sweet monitor to our
home,
Or a guardian angel sent.
Wherever bitter words were heard,
She with love and moderation went.

She kept her children near her heart,
And ruled among them like a queen.
With rod and word and mother's tears
She turned them from everything that's
mean.

She reared several orphans in her home,
Which only increased her joys.
Besides one only daughter
She reared four mischievous boys.

They were as ambitious as Napoleon,
And as courageous as Lee;
They were full of unconquerable resolution,
And as high-tempered as could be.

But she never missed an opportunity,
With sermon, prayer, and rod,
To turn these boys from the paths of sin
To the sacred house of God.

She filled a gracious mission
In things that are surely fit.
All her children are devoted Christians,
And the four boys fill the pulpit.

She prayed always for her boys
To God, whom she could risk ;
So she never reared a boy
That does not fill the sacred desk.

I defy the world to find a boy,
In whatever society he may float,
Reared under the influence of family prayer
and rod,
That you can buy his vote.

I thought when I was a little child—
It was of inestimable worth—
That my own darling mother
Was the prettiest woman on the earth.

She looked so gentle and modest,
With countenance serene.
With her hair parted down the middle,
She was as pretty as a queen.

When I think of her modest attire,
And how she was held in such high respect,
I think now, as I did then,
She was a perfect model of her sex.

She lived a life of great self-denial,
And worked for others' good ;
She consoled the sad and broken-hearted,
And did just what she could.

She was loved by all who knew her,
For she was so kind and sweet :
She offered her noble help
To all she chanced to meet.

She has gone to heaven and left me,
But upon that shining shore
I will meet her in the city,
And we will part no more.

THE FOUNTAIN FOR SIN AND UNCLEANNES.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

There is a fountain opened up
In the house of Zion's King
To cleanse the souls of fallen men
From everything unclean.

No polluted soul in all the world
Has sought this pool in vain,
And failed to get a perfect cure,
Or need to come again.

This fountain is so deep and wide,
And its waters flow so free,
That sinful men may find this cure,
No matter where they be.

Why should a mortal stay away
And miss this matchless cure,
And suffer still this awful blight
Which they cannot endure?

Come to this fountain, dying men—
This healing, cleansing flood—
And wash away your many sins
In Calvary's precious blood.

Others have come all stained with sin,
And sought this cure to gain,
And, plunged beneath its healing wave,
Lost all their guilty stain.

This matchless cure for filth and sin
Is taught in gospel truth,
And all who touch this sacred stream
Enjoy eternal youth.

THE HYPOCRITE.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

There is a man of prominence
In every place we see;
Although he does no good at all,
He is as busy as a bee.

He turns his neighbor's eye wrong side out
To find a little lint,
When there is a great thorn in his own eye
Of which he has no hint.

This man is found in every church,
But he works alone for fame.
No matter how black his life may be,
He declares he's not to blame.

We see this character everywhere,
But in no good place will fit ;
By his righteous claims and dirty life
Proves himself a hypocrite.

His life is full of cheat and fraud
In one way or another ;
On his friends he tells his wicked lies,
And lays it on his brother..

It is hard to get along with him ;
He does not as he should ;
His heart's so black and foul with sin
That he really hates the good.

He tries to look just like a lamb,
And among the flock to creep ;
But all will see that he's a wolf
In the clothing of a sheep.

When he's told you what he since regrets,
Because his sins they spy,
Although you've told just what he said,
He affirms it all a lie.

Sometimes he ascends the sacred desk,
And looks as grave as Paul,
And then joins with the reckless set,
And into sin he falls.

He says that others caused his wrongs,
And pleads he's not to blame ;
He cries and begs to be forgiven,
But just goes on the same.

I've oft held up such fallen ones,
Because I thought 'twas right ;
But oft it's been just warming up a snake,
That me the beast might bite.

O, how depraved that spotted soul !
When one has done him good,
Would turn on him with deadly aim,
And kill him if he could.

A CROWN OF THORNS.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

When man forsook the way of God
And lost his Eden bliss,
He was harassed by sin's frightful gloom
And by Satan's wicked hiss.

Satan promised the sinless pair
With crowns he would adorn ;
But when the crown was placed on them,
It proved a crown of thorns.

A dense gloom settled o'er all mankind ;
Satan distressed us with his scorns.
Jesus took our part and delivered our souls,
Wearing the crown of thorns.

He went upon the cruel cross
To end this war of strife ;
He wore the crown of thorns for us,
That we might wear a crown of life.

The world was lost in sin and woe,
And doomed to sad forlorns ;
To redeem us from this wretched state,
He wore the crown of thorns.

He laid aside his glorious crown
That did his head adorn ;
That we might wear a crown of gold,
He wore a crown of thorns.

I will see his sweet face some day,
As glory all adorns,
And stand with him in eternal bliss,
Freed from the crown of thorns.

When I at last to heaven ascend,
By blessed angels borne,
I'll point to Christ, who won it all,
Wearing a crown of thorns.

Chorus :

He purchased me, he purchased me,
From sin and death to set me free.
O, celebrate this truth with pipes and horns !
He bought my soul, wearing a crown of thorns.

THE SINNER'S ONLY FRIEND.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

Sinner, your only hope is Christ ;
You have no other friend.
He gives rest to those who come to him,
And keeps them to the end.

You've sinned against the spotless God,
And stained your very soul ;
You've wandered far in vice and sin
Beyond your own control.

Not all the men upon the earth,
Nor the wealth of all the globe,
Could free your soul from guilt and sin,
Nor buy a spotless robe.

Jesus, your ever-loving Friend,
Who died upon the tree—
He gave his life and precious blood
From sin to set you free.

And now he says : " Poor guilty soul,
Leave all and come to me ;
I'll take your guilt upon myself,
And give my all to thee."

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

Christ is the Shepherd of his flock ;
They are never left alone.
He watches o'er them day and night
And safely keeps his own.

They are the purchase of his blood
Upon the cruel tree ;
He gave his precious life for them
From sin to set them free.

He will not trust a hireling
To take care of his fold ;
But he himself whose own they are
Will keep both young and old.

No cruel beast can enter there,
Nor Satan's wicked plan,
To take from him one little lamb
And pluck it from his hand.

The love of God surrounds this place ;
It's fenced about with grace.
Salvation like a bulwark stands
To shield the sacred place.

“ IT IS I.”

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

The night was dark, the storm was on
The lake of Galilee ;
The disciples saw a mysterious form
Walking upon the sea.

The storm was fierce upon the sea,
The men began to cry ;
The voice of Christ came o’er the wave :
“ Be not afraid ; it’s I.”

One ventured to walk out to him,
But the waves were rough and high ;
His mind was filled with fearful doubt,
And he sank down to die.

But Jesus raised him up again,
And said : “ Why sink and die ?
O, ye of such a little faith,
Why doubt when it is I ? ”

Oft when I am out on life’s stormy sea
And the waves are rolling high,
I hear the voice of Jesus say :
“ Be not afraid ; it’s I.”

This fills my troubled heart with peace,
And lifts my soul on high ;
I know no harm can come to me
Whenever “ it is I.”

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THE THIRD VERSE?

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

What's the matter with the third verse
Of every single song?
No choir ever, ever sings it—
There must be something wrong.

I have looked with all my eyes
To see if I could find the wrong
With the ever-slighted third verse
Of every pretty song.

But I have failed to find the wrong in it;
Oft it is the best verse in the song.
I wonder why all leave it out,
If there is nothing wrong.

Some old fogies say it's just a fad
Followed by all the singing throng;
That the third verse is just as good as any;
But seems like there is something wrong.

Why do all singers leave it out,
As if it had some contagious pest;
And if they shouldn't leave it out,
It would give it to all the rest?

If there is any remedy at all
For this neglected verse of song,
I wish some one would tell me,
Or just bring the remedy along.

The third verse has been so long neglected
I imagine it's almost out of tune ;
And if they don't take to singing it,
It will leave the book right soon.

Oft when I try to help them sing—
For I sometimes sing a little, too—
When I am just finishing the third verse,
I find the rest are through.

Because I sing all the song,
As this custom I've never known,
I start the fourth verse just as they finish it,
And find I'm singing all alone.

When we get up in heaven,
In the land forever blessed,
I'll be confused no more,
For the angels sing the third verse with the
rest.

THE EXTREME FOLLY OF THE CIGARETTE FIEND.

BY ELDER J. V. KIRKLAND.

The make-up of man is very dear,
As it's the great Creator's plan ;
So we should keep the laws he wrote in us
The very best we can.

Man, like some great ship, was built
And launched upon the sea of time,
With engine, rudder, wheel, and sail,
For a purpose most sublime.

His brain was made to steer his cause
On some high sea of good ;
His lungs and heart and pure red blood,
That he might be a blessing if he would.

God did not intend that intelligent man
His laws should so turn back
As to fill his lungs with nicotine
And make his nose an old smokestack.

How reverse to God that intelligent man
With cigarette nicotine
Should convert his Godlike greatness
Into a polluted fiend !

What a pity a being so well endowed
Should cause such sad regret
By destroying his God-given faculties
Smoking a useless cigarette !

We condemn in no uncertain tone
The Chinese foot-binding fad,
But for our folks to paralyze both lungs and
brain
Smoking cigarettes is equally as bad.

The beautiful eye is glazed and glared,
And by poison drawn out of place ;
Their great intelligence so destroyed
That they look as blank as a 'possum's face.

Of the two greatest faculties of the brain
That God's bestowed on man,
Judgment and self-respect,
By cigarette poison he loses command.

This is why that folks well bred
Will lay such a reckless plan,
When the brain is steeped in cigarette smoke,
To slay his fellow-man.

Often such plans as these are laid
That a child's too wise to have sought,
And perpetrate their awful deeds,
And right at once are caught.

Self-respect was all destroyed,
Or they would have shrunk from such a
plan;
And they would not have risked the scheme,
If judgment had been in command.

How pitiful to see grown young men
Around the church door with those who tip-
ple,
All sucking their cigarettes
Like babies with a nipple!

How sad that boys of great promise
Have no aspirations higher
Than to play the baby all their lives
That has to have a pacifier!

Again, how sad in a Christian land
Of highly civilized folk
That men are willing to give lungs, brain, and
manhood
For a little blue cigarette smoke!

If parents should so conduct their homes
As is taught in Holy Writ,
Children would not know such dissipation
That is for them unfit.

If they should train their children up
In the way that they should go,
They would never bring upon them
Such awful shame and woe.

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